

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, JANUARY 2, 1902.

2803

Ladies

A word about that Christmas present!

Don't worry about it—come to us. This is a man's store and we are used to the hobbies of men in regard to wearing apparel.

Our salesmen have waited upon the majority of men in the town and can be of valuable assistance to you in choosing something appropriate.

We have taken especial care this season in our purchases for Christmas, and have something to satisfy the taste and fit the pocketbook of everybody. They are now open for your inspection.

DON'T DELAY TOO LONG.

Purchases made now can be held and delivered when ordered.

**Neckwear, Silk Lined Mufflers,
Silk Lined Gloves,
Umbrellas, Collars; Jewelry.
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Fancy Suspenders, Toques. Tams,
Way's Mufflers,
Caps, Fur Lined Gloves**

Sullivan-Cook Co.

114 Congress St., Ypsilanti

Headquarters For NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

**TOYS, BASKETS,
CHINA, LAMPS,
HOBBY HORSES, JARDINERES,
DOLL CARTS, BOOTS & SHOES
RUBBER and BAZAAR GOODS**

We have got the Largest Stock in the city at prices LOWER than you ever heard of. When you visit our store be sure and call on our Toy Department in the basement. We can save you money and give you the best assortment.

5c and 10c STORE

**C. D. O'Connor & Co.
120 CONGRESS STREET**

AFTER CHRISTMAS Reduction Sale

Prices reduced for quick selling. These forceful bargain facts should prove an incentive to Prudent Purchasers. The offerings in....

CLOAKS, FURS, DRESS GOODS

deserve special emphasis, as the prices are the Lowest Ever Known for goods of equal style and merit. Isn't This Your Chance?

38 inch Fancy Dress Goods, well worth 40c yd., sale price only..... 29c
Men's Fleeced Underwear, sale price only..... 23c
Large \$1.25 quality Blankets, reduced to pair..... 98c
All \$2.00 quality Blankets, cut to pair..... \$7.50
Good 6c Unbleached Cotton, sale price yd..... 4c
Good 5c White Outing, sale price yd..... 34c

DRY GOODS NOVELTIES CLOAKS **BERTH. COMSTOCK**, 128 CONGRESS STREET

A LAW TO COVER BUSINESS COLLEGES

The recently published recommendation of Prof. DeLois Fall, state superintendent of education, that the department of public instruction be given supervision of business colleges of the state in certain respects, is of special interest to Ypsilantians, as the Cleary Business College of this city is one of the largest business colleges of the state.

President P. R. Cleary of the Ypsilanti institution talked entertainingly in regard to the recommendation to a reporter yesterday.

"The idea, I understand," he said, "is to pass a law similar to one in New York, prohibiting the use of the term 'business college' or 'business university' by an organization not incorporated. But in New York this law is a farce, and is evaded by some of the largest business schools in the state, one for instance styling itself a 'business institute.' Such a law in Michigan would probably do away with some of the smaller colleges, but personally I do not consider that particularly desirable, as I think all should have a fair show and be left to stand or fall by their merit. A good college will thrive and poor one decline, whatever the laws, and I for one see no particular advantage in the state's concerning itself in the matter.

"It might be a good thing if the state should set a standard of scholarship for business education and allow all colleges which attained it to confer some kind of a degree, say B. A. for Bachelor of Accounts, but I would not be in favor of the state's making out the examination question or instituting a particularly formal supervision of the courses."

President Cleary said that the school which bears his name was incorporated in '91, eight years after its building, but that the incorporation was simply a matter of business convenience, and was with no thought that the school had thereby been raised in standard educational.

"No one can criticise Prof. Fall's recommendation that the state take action against any business college found guilty of sending out false or highly exaggerated advertising matter," continued President Cleary, "as this is a very common evil in business college competition, and is one that is directly harmful to the public."

"Do you think that it would be wisdom for the business colleges of the state to turn in and work for the damage of such a law as Supt. Fall suggests?" was asked.

"I can't say that I do," he replied, "for I think it is just as well to let the colleges work out their problems themselves. The survival of the fittest applies to business college evolution as well as to other struggles."

Used by the ladies of fashion all over the world. It's without doubt the greatest beautifier ever offered the American women. 35c. Made only by Madison Medicine Co. Ask Morford & Smith.

HALF MILLION POUNDS OF BUTTER

The Ypsilanti Dairy association has just made its annual report and it shows the association to be in a thoroughly prosperous condition. The report is from December, 1900, to December, 1901.

The following items indicate the statistics of greatest interest:

Butter made in year 1901, 502,466.5 pounds.

Amount received for butter, \$103,654.27.

Average price paid per hundred for milk, 86.6 cents.

Total amount of business, 2.4 cents.

Cost of making butter per pound, Expenses, \$12,133.37.

NEW SALINE CAR IS A BEAUTY

The new Saline car was put on Tuesday for the first time, and it is a beauty. It is a combination freight and passenger car. It is shorter than the cars of the main line. It has upholstered seats for 22 persons and eight can be seated in the smoker. It is a very neat car and will meet the demands of the Saline branch very nicely. In fine lettering on the sides are the words "Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and Jackson. Saline Division."

Mrs. M. J. Gooking, Lomax, Neb., writes: I send you 50 cents for one box of Kid-Ne-Oids. I cannot get along without your medicine. I have been taking Kid-Ne-Oids for about four months and am improving wonderfully. I was almost dead and the doctors told me I could not get well without an operation, but the new discovery, Kid-Ne-Oids cured me. Sold by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

TWO STORES WILL CLOSE AT SIX

A victory has been secured by the advocates of 6 o'clock closing of business places, as Sullivan & Cook and C. S. Wortley & Co., two of the principal clothing concerns of the city, announce that beginning with Jan. 1, their curtains will be drawn on the stroke of 6 o'clock p. m.

"Our firm has been doing its very best to bring about a general 6 o'clock closing," said Arthur Sullivan of Sullivan & Cook to a reporter last evening, "and we have finally decided to close anyway, whatever the rest do. Beginning with the first of the year we will draw our curtains at 6 o'clock, regardless of the custom of our competitors, and we will probably continue this plan right through the year; at any rate we are announcing it for an indefinite period."

"We wish to make things easier for our clerks, and we would like more leisure for ourselves, so we are going to take the step on our own responsibility, although we understand that at least one other clothing firm will do the same thing. One of our clerks gets down in the morning a little after 6 o'clock, and from then to 8 o'clock at night is a pretty long day, longer than we want them to put in."

C. S. Wortley informed the reporter that after Jan. 1 the Wortley store will be closed at 6 p. m.

A few months ago the clerks of the city made an organized attempt to induce all the merchants to close at 6 o'clock, but the movement was blocked by a few holding out.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

"TAYLOR" TOUCHED FOR HIS MONEY

An Ypsilanti citizen who gave the name of Taylor, told the police last evening that he had been held up in a Cadillac square saloon and robbed of \$10. Detectives Brooks and Steinhebel arrested Patrick Welsh and Taylor identified him as one of the two men who had played a "strong-arm" part on him.

As the three men were together when the robbery took place and the money had been taken from Taylor by the others in order to buy drinks, Welch was simply discharged with disorderly conduct. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50 or serve six months by Justice Sellers this morning.

Taylor said he was choked and badly treated by Welch and his companion, who has not been apprehended.—Detroit Journal.

It has not yet transpired whether or not "Taylor" is the real name of the Ypsilantian, or if it is, what his first name and occupation are.

DIED AT THE AGE OF 93 YEARS

Mrs. Ann Jarvis died Saturday night at the home of her son, George A. Jarvis, at the advanced age of 93 years. For the past year and a half she had been confined to her bed. In July, 1900, she fell and broke her hip, and since that time she has been bedridden. She was born in England, July 3, 1808. She lived there until after her marriage, when she came to the States. She leaves three sons, George A., William and Alfred. The funeral was held from her late residence Tuesday at 2 o'clock p. m.

WANTS THE CITY TO FURNISH POWER

There was a special council meeting Friday night. A request was received from the Ypsilanti Manufacturing Co. to be supplied with water power from the waterworks plant. The request was referred to the board of public works with directions to investigate the matter and report. The matter of giving a site on which to locate the new cannery factory also came before the council and was referred to a committee consisting of Ald. Stevens, Moore and Brown, the board of public works and the city attorney. Council then adjourned.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Normal Library

What Shall I Buy?

That is the question of these days. Here is a list of articles which may help you to answer it. These and hundreds of other fancy articles you will find at our store, and we cordially invite you to call.

....THE LIST....

Ladies' Men's, and Children's handkerchiefs
Kid gloves
Golf gloves
Kid mittens
Pillow-tops, all new designs
Uncovered pillows
Pin-cushions, all shapes and sizes
Japanese Terra Cotta novelties
Match safes, vases and jardinières
Japanese baskets
Genuine Mexican hand carved leather work
Purses, belts, stamp books, chataulaine bags, music rolls, tobacco pouches
Mexican drawn work, pieces from 25c—\$8.75
Pillow cords
Neckwear, the latest and prettiest 25-50-75

Umbrellas
Table linens
Napkins
Fine towels
Back combs
Mirrors
Photo frames
Silver novelties
Blankets
Comfortables
Sidecombs
Ladies wool tights
Munising Union su'ts, best in the world \$1.00-\$1.50
\$2.25
\$2.25

This is only a partial list, will give you lots of suggestions if you'll call and see us. Until Christmas we offer.....

Good outing flannels white and colored a t 4c yd
10c and 12c flannels at..... 8c yd
8c flannels at..... 7c yd
1 case dark calicoes..... 3c yd
10 doz. wash cloths, 8c ones at..... 5c
Machine oil large bottle..... 7c each

DAVIS & KISHLAR

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A lot of belated Holiday Goods have just arrived. I shall make prices on them that will make you want them. Pending negotiation for a sale of my business I shall give my customers the advantage of the prices I expect to get for the entire stock. This is fresh news, and you want to come and see me if you want to do your best for Christmas. It means business and a saving to you. Please Call. Fine Calendars given away with purchases.

FRANK SMITH

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S

ARE IN SIGHT, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO GET YOUR

Candies AND Mixed Nuts

...AT...

THE WHITE FRONT, 105 CONGRESS ST.

A. A. GRAVES THE GROCER

DAVIS & CO.'S NEW YEARS APPETIZER

"EAT PLENTY, SLEEP WELL."

OYSTERS direct from Baltimore in bulk and can

CRANBERRIES from California in the several grades—splendid navels

GRAPES Malaga and Catnbas

LEMONS in the fancy grade

BANANAS some that are large and nice

SWEET POTATOES Yes, you'll want some

35c per peck

CRANBERRIES at 10c or 3 for 25c

PICKLES in bulk or bottle—sweet and sour

OLIVES in bulk or bottle at lowest prices

SUNRISE COFFEE don't forget that

CANDY Christmas mixed 3 for 25c

TAFFY the old fashioned kind 6c

ST. CLAUS BOXES full of good things 5c

CHOCOLATES flesh and extra good 25c

NUTS, FIGS, DATES, ETC

EVERYTHING TO MAKE THE TABLE LOOK AT IT'S BEST.

THE PETITION FOR WATER POWER

WHICH WAS MADE BY THE MANUFACTURING CO.

Has Stirred Up Several People to Oppose Any Such Action by the Council

The petition of the Ypsilanti Mfg. Co. for the use of water power from the city water works plant, which was referred by the aldermen to the board of public works, to report at the next meeting of the council, is regarded by the board as a matter of considerable importance, as they are strongly opposed to such a move.

H. M. Curtis, the chairman of the board, said to a reporter last evening: "The board are not in favor of giving any outside concern rights in the water works department, as they are convinced that it would seriously embarrass the department. A few years ago the Cornwells were allowed to run a lathe in their machine shop from one of the small wheels, and it was a constant source of annoyance to us. At some season of the year we have more water power than we can use, but at other times we are just able to get along from day to day, and during the summer we are obliged to resort to steam power, so there is nothing certain about the power at the water works. When the Cornwells were running their lathe, it was a constant drag on the department, for the superintendent does the closest kind of figuring to use the water as much and the steam as little as possible, and the lathe was enough to throw him out of his calculations."

Mr. Curtis said that in his opinion it would be far better for the city to buy coal for the Ypsilanti Mfg. Co., than to attempt to furnish them with from the water works, on the grounds that by the later arrangement the efficiency of the water works department would be appreciably impaired.

Summer Damon of the board of public works expressed the same sentiments as Chairman Curtis, save that he had no personal knowledge of the success or failure of the Cornwell experiment, at that time not being a board member.

"In my opinion it would be a serious mistake to furnish water power to the Ypsilanti Mfg. Co.," he said, "even if the agreement reads, as I understand the company wish, that it shall only be when the water works plant has more than it needs for its own use. There are a great many times when there is just enough power to run one wheel, and if there is a good supply of water on hand, and it is not being used very fast, it is found sufficient for the needs of the plant, but it would not be enough for the Ypsilanti Mfg. Co. Also in such cases it would be necessary to turn the steam on either for the pumps or for the company, and there would come an expense to the water works department."

Mr. Damon explained that at night when the various mills are closed, the water gets higher, and that by shutting down after midnight the water works plant can get a good supply in the morning, even if under other circumstances the water would be very low, but if it were necessary to give another concern power at 7 o'clock, the department would be forced to make use of steam.

"The board will regret it very much if the council make any such arrangement with the company," he continued, "as it will be a constant source of trouble at the plant. The company would feel that they were not being treated fairly if they were not given power every time the pumps were being worked by a water wheel, and the superintendent of the plant would be constantly involved in misunderstandings with them. Besides, if an accident should occur to any of the wheels, the department might be put to serious inconvenience by the existence of such an agreement."

One of the city officials who is connected with the water works department but is not a member of the board, heartily indorsed the opinion of the board members on the question, offering substantially the same arguments in support of his position.

"If the city wish to help the company out with power," he concluded, "it would be better to give them coal outright for a certain number of months in the year, than to attempt to do anything with the water power."

Supt. Turnbull of the water works plant declined to discuss the matter, saying that it is for the board of public works and the aldermen to decide, and is no concern of his.

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NOW LOOK OUT!

"Take care of yourself," say our friends. "I'll try to," we answer. We do take a little care, yet in spite of warm clothes, rubbers and mackintoshes, an army of people were bowled out by pneumonia and other lung and chest diseases last winter. They caught cold, neglected it, let it fix upon them, were torn by coughs, choked by inflammations and congestions, wasted by fever, tired out by pain and then gave up the fight. The hour you realize that you have a cold on the chest, place a Benson's Porous Plaster where the pain or oppression is felt. If you think two are needed make it two. No harm if you are covered with them. They act quickly and prevent the engorgement of blood in the organs. In this way—with ordinary caution as to exposure—you will break up the cold and avoid a serious sickness. No other applications, or any other form of treatment, will accomplish this as certainly and speedily. Benson's Plasters have a distinct and positive action and are curative to the highest degree. Use them with the same confidence for coughs, muscular rheumatism, the grip (back and chest) and all similar ailments. Women, who are chief sufferers from cold weather complaints, should keep these plasters always within reach. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c each.

Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.

CANNING FACTORY GETS 5 YEARS LEASE

The city gave, Saturday afternoon, a five years' lease of a strip of city land to the canning company, rent free, with the agreement that on the expiration of the lease the land is to become the property of the company, provided that the plant is still being operated as a canning concern.

An expert from Chicago will come Monday, and under his supervision work will begin at once on the plant.

The lease was signed by a committee from the council consisting of Alds. Stevens, Moore and Brown, and by the board of public, after an inspection of the land and a conference with representatives of the company.

The site is a strip of land near the water works plant that is being put to no use, and with the lease goes a right of way over another piece of city property to the river. The land is on a Michigan Central siding and on a wagon road, and is well adapted to the purposes of the canning company.

A DEEP MYSTERY.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Cherley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes Constipation, improves Appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stores.

Subscribers who pay one dollar in advance to the Sentinel-Commercial will be given a map of Michigan and the world worth a dollar.

Stop the Blight

It is a sad thing to see fine fruit trees spoiled by the blight. You can always tell them from the rest. They never do well afterwards but stay small and sickly.

It is worse to see a blight strike children. Good health is the natural right of children. But some of them don't get their rights. While the rest grow big and strong one stays small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion can stop that blight. There is no reason why such a child should stay small. Scott's Emulsion is a medicine with lots of strength in it—the kind of strength that makes things grow.

Scott's Emulsion makes children grow, makes them eat, makes them sleep, makes them play. Give the weak child a chance. Scott's Emulsion will make it catch up with the rest.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE,
409 Pearl St., New York.
50c and \$1. all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A CRUISER OF 1861.

CAREER OF CAPTAIN SEMMES' FIRST COMMERCE DESTROYER, SUMTER.

BOLD ESCAPE THROUGH THE FEDERAL BLOCKADE AT NEW ORLEANS—FIRST PRIZE ON THE HIGH SEAS—TYPES OF HER OFFICERS AND MEN.

[Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.]



IN the closing days of 1861 the Confederate steamer Sumter, the first ship to give the stars and bars to the winds on the high seas, was running for the port of Cadiz. Her money chest was empty, also her coal bunkers, and she was crowded with Yankee prisoners taken during her six months' cruise from New Orleans eastward. Within that six months there had been developed on the little Sumter an executive ability, nautical pride and esprit de corps which went to the making of the Alabama's career. Captain Raphael Semmes and J. McIntosh Kell, commander and executive officer of the Sumter, were also the men on the bridge of the Alabama.

The Sumter was not a very promising ship for the work of running blockades, fighting and sailing long cruises when Semmes got hold of her in New Orleans. She was a small seagoing propeller of 500 tons, capable of being rigged for a battery of four or five guns, but she carried only five days' fuel. The Confederate naval board rejected the vessel, but Semmes said, "Give me that ship." The Sumter was christened soon after the fall of Fort Sumter and in honor of that victory, yet lacking every facility for speedy overhauling of a ship, Semmes was two months getting the propeller ready for sea.

As the port of New Orleans was under strict Federal blockade, the wharfs were lined with idle seamen, and Semmes had his pick in making up the crew. Although there were no fit accommodations for a fighting crew on board the Sumter, the old tars were anxious to suffer and dare any fate just to be loose on the sea with a few guns and the southern flag. Surgeon Galt, Lieutenant of Marines Howell and Midshipmen Armstrong and Wilson sailed with Semmes in the Sumter in June, 1861, and fought with him in the Alabama at Cherbourg in June, 1864.

All told the complement of officers and men on that pygmy cruiser numbered 113. Twenty of the crew proper were marines, and the ship meant to defend her flag to the death. For days the Sumter lay at anchor between the New Orleans forts, waiting for a chance to run the blockade. At the edge of one June evening Semmes got word from a scoutboat that the United States steamer Powhatan, which had been lying in the Southwest pass, had gone to sea in chase of strange sail. Calling for pilots familiar with that pass, Semmes waited and waited, and the night wore away. Next morning the Powhatan was again at her station.

In order to be ready another time Semmes sent for a pilot to come on board the Sumter and live until she could get to sea. None would respond, so he sent a peremptory note to the captain of the Pilots' association commanding the presence of his ship of three or four of the most experienced pilots of the bar. The result of Semmes' nerve was that pilots took turns about on board the cruiser, and one Sunday morning, after numerous false alarms, it was suddenly discovered that the blockader Brooklyn had gone to sea in chase. The Brooklyn's trial speed was fourteen knots, and the Sumter was good for nine or ten. At the last moment the pilot then on board declared that he did not know the pass where the Brooklyn had abandoned guard, and Semmes had to wait till he could get a new man. Semmes had resolved to try it alone if the pilots failed him. As soon as the Sumter cleared the bar the Brooklyn was sighted only three or four miles distant. Semmes' lieutenant insisted that the Sumter had no chance in a race with the Brooklyn, and the first hour off the bar seemed to justify his doubts. The best the Sumter could do was nine and a half knots. Volumes of smoke came from the Brooklyn's stacks, and she crowded on all sail. Semmes' ship had the advantage in sails, and he hoped to make the wind his best ally. At the end of half an hour a squall enveloped both ships, but when it cleared the Brooklyn was nearer the Sumter, almost within gunshot. Semmes ordered the paymaster to have his treasure and papers ready to throw overboard, but the engineer reported that the boilers were working better and better every moment. At the same time the breeze favored the cruiser, and little by little she gained on her pursuer till at about half past 3 in the afternoon of June 30 the Brooklyn abandoned the chase and the Sumter was off the Caribbean sea.

The first thing after getting out of the danger trap was to lighten ship by throwing overboard a howitzer, which was of no further use now the blockade had been run and was very much in the way. Semmes' official orders were to "do the greatest possible damage to the enemy's commerce in the shortest time." He steered for one of the chief thoroughfares of trade and aimed for the coast of Brazil. The first alarm "All hands!" brought to view a Spaniard, but the next, after a gun from the cruiser, hoisted the stars and stripes to her peak. This was the first war prize, first of the redoubtable Semmes, first of the first Confederate cruiser.

She was not much in the way of value but Semmes recorded in his logbook that she was from the "black Republic of Maine." The colloquy between cruiser captain and Yankee skipper was typical, and Semmes wrote it down. Said the Yankee, "A clap of thunder in a cloudless sky could not have surprised me more than the appearance of the Confederate flag in these seas."

Semmes' soul swelled with pride, and he said to the captain of the pitiful Yankee bark: "My duty is a painful one, to destroy so noble a ship as the Golden Rocket, but I must discharge it without vain regrets, and, as for your self, you will only have to do, as many thousands have done before you, submit to the fortunes of war. Yourself and your crew will be well treated on board my ship." This said and the valuables and coveted ships' stores transferred to the Sumter, the Golden Rocket was fired, to go up in smoke.

Verne, the son of Postmaster W. F. Bremenscheider, left for Fresno, Cal., last evening, where he will remain for some time.

Olive Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M.

elected the following officers at the annual meeting, Tuesday evening: W.

M., J. B. Cole; S. W., R. B. Waltrous;

J. W., O. T. Hoover; treasurer, J. A.

Palmer; secretary, T. E. Wood; S. D.

Hiram Lighthill; J. D., Henry Wilson;

W. B. Sumner; stewards, E. J.

Whipple and George Jackson; trustee

for three years, C. H. Kempf.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Neighbors the following officers were elected: Oracle, Minnie U. Mapes; vice oracle, Emma Leach; recorder, Fannie Warner; receiver, Ella Barber.

The members of Chelsea tent, No. 281, K. O. T. M., will give a box social at their hall Friday evening, Jan. 10, the proceeds of which will go into the piano fund, and should be attended by every member of the order.

There will be services at St. Paul's

church on New Year's Eve at 7:15 and on New Year's Day at 10:30.

All the members of the L. C. B. A. are requested to be present at the next meeting, Jan. 2, as the newly elected officers will be installed at that time.

Rev. Fr. Considine and the mem-

bers of his parish have been making

preparations for their annual Christ-

mas festivities, which will take place

at the opera house this evening.

There will be a special musical and

literary program and as those who

attend will know what good things

are in store for all who participate.

BRAIN-FOOD NONSENSE.

Another ridiculous food fad has been

branded by the most competent au-

thorities. They have dispelled the silly

notion that one kind of food is needed

for brain, another for muscle, and still

another for bones. A correct diet will

not only nourish a particular part of

the body, but it will sustain every

other part. Yet, however good your

food may be, its nutriment is de-

stroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia.

You must prepare for the appearance

or prevent their coming by taking regu-

lar doses of Green's August Flower,

the favorite medicine of the healthy

millions. A few doses aids digestion,

stimulates the liver to healthy action,

purifies the blood, and makes you feel

buoyant and vigorous. You can get

Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at

any drug store. Get Green's Special

Almanac.

These are the days of rapid transit

and electric road building, and one is

seldom surprised, no matter in what

direction one of the arteries of com-

merce is projected. Scarcely an issue

of a daily or weekly newspaper but

one is exploited, many of which will

undoubtedly never exist except on

paper and in the imagination of their

promoters.

The latest project is a road to con-

nect Detroit, Mason and Lansing. Its

line is to be through Plymouth, Northville

and westward on an air line to strike

INNOCULATED SEVEN COWS

With the Germs of Human Consumption

VAUGHAN'S EXPERIMENTS

Are Being Conducted in Detroit—No Room for Cows on Campus

Will animals be affected by the germs of human tuberculosis? Dr. Victor C. Vaughan proposes to find out. He went to Detroit yesterday and visited the great laboratories of Park, Davis & Co., where he instituted a series of experiments that will decide the matter. He would have carried out his experiments at the University laboratories in this city but there was no room for cows in them, and cows are the animals that he is working on.

Friday he innoculated seven cows and a number of calves with germs taken from a human being afflicted with tuberculosis. These cows and calves were given special stalls and will be watched with great care, and every symptom noticed. They are cared for in such a way that they could not contract any disease from other sources. Besides the animals selected are in the best of health.

Dr. Vaughan will follow these inoculations up with others on horses and other animals, no matter how the first experiments result. The conclusion of the work will be awaited with interest as Dr. Vaughan has made a special study of this subject, and the matter is being discussed very much at present.

Last summer it was reported that Dr. Koch of Berlin had promulgated the doctrine that bovine tuberculosis could not be transmitted to a human being.

When interviewed on the subject last summer Dr. Vaughan expressed some doubt that Dr. Koch had made any such statements. Since then several experiments on human beings have been made, and recently one in New York city is reported to have ended fatally.

Dr. Vaughan has gone at the subject backward and will find out first whether animals will "catch" consumption.

Half the ills that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

Trial Set for Jan. 7.

"Buff" Kirk pleaded not guilty in Justice Childs' court Friday to assault upon George Smith and his trial was set for Tuesday, Jan. 7.

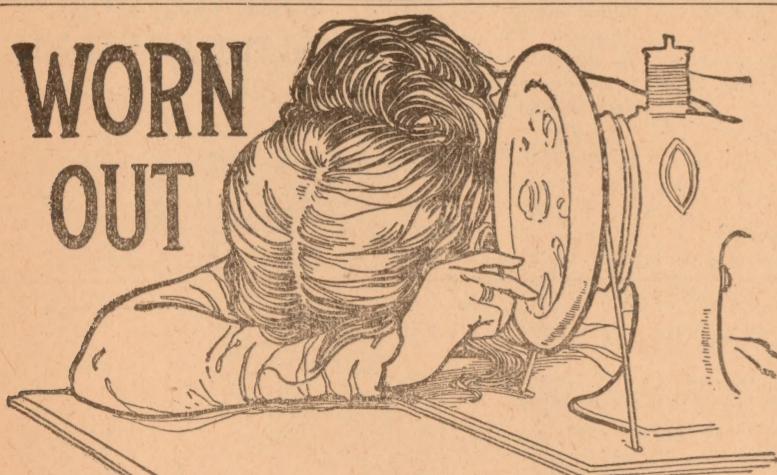
Smith claims that Kirk slapped his face in the Ament saloon Thursday evening and that in the Hawkins House bar Kirk leveled a revolver at his head.

A hurry-up call was sent to Marshal Warner after the episode at the Hawkins House, and he promptly relieved Kirk of a loaded revolver, but the arrest was not made until Friday morning.

IT GIRDLES THE GLOBE.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Felons, Aches, Pains and all Skin Eruptions. Only infallible pile cure. 25c a box at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's.

The Sentinel-Commercial map of Michigan and the world gives the latest census returns. Free to subscribers who pay their subscription in advance.



Pale Weak, Run-down Overworked Women

half sick, nervous, tired out with household and maternal cares, constipated, liver torpid, with blotched, muddy, sallow complexions, blood thin and impure, need building up and a thorough renovation of their systems. This is the time you need such a great nerve and stomach builder as

LAXAKOLA

the great tonic laxative. It gently moves the bowels and thus removes the cause, and acts directly upon the liver and kidneys, keeping them active and strong; while its marvellous tonic properties clears the complexion, stimulates the liver, quickens the circulation, increases the flesh, brightens the eye; the nervousness speedily disappears, and the entire system recuperates and tones up to a condition of perfect and permanent health.

Laxakola, the great tonic laxative, is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At drugstores, 25c and 50c, or free sample of THE LAXAKOLA CO., 120 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 350 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

LAXAKOLA FOR CHILDREN Give the children Laxakola. It is absolutely safe, being purely vegetable, containing nothing of a harmful character. It builds the little ones up instead of debilitating them. It reaches every organ, cleanses and strengthens the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood and makes them hearty and strong. It tastes good. Children like it and ask for it.

The Dinner Pail

Of the American working man is generally well filled. In some cases it is too well filled. It contains too many kinds of food, and very often the food is of the wrong kind—hard to digest and containing little nutrition. As a consequence many a working man develops some form of stomach trouble which interferes with his health and reduces his working capacity.

Where there is indigestion or any other indication of disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will almost invariably produce a perfect and permanent cure.

Mr. Thomas A. Smith, of Salt Station, C. Columbus, O. Box 103, writes: "I was taken with severe headache, then cramps in the abdomen, and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. At last I had all the complaints at once. The more I doctored the worse I got. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by aid of a chair, and I got so thin I had given up to die, thinking that I could not be cured. Then one of my neighbors said, 'Take my advice and get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will make a new man out of you!' The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had taken eight bottles in about six weeks, I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds. I am stout and healthy to-day, as I ever was."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOORE-BASSETT WEDDING THURSDAY

One of the prettiest weddings of the Christmas season was that celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in Ypsilanti Dec. 26, when Miss Ella J. Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Moore, was united in marriage to George H. Bassett, of Novi.

The ceremony took place at 1 o'clock in the presence of 25 relatives of the contracting parties, and was performed by the Congregational minister of Chelsea, Rev. Thomas Holmes, who is 84 years old and a cousin of the groom's mother.

The bride was handsomely attired in pale blue broadcloth, an train, and trimmed with white silk and lace applique. She carried a shower bouquet of white narcissus and smilax and was unadorned.

The home was elaborately decorated in holly and red and white carnations.

Immediately after the ceremony an elegant wedding dinner was served to the guests, after which Mr. and Mrs. Bassett left for Grand Rapids, where they will spend their honeymoon.

They carry with them the best wishes of their many friends.

THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's. Price 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed.

The Sentinel-Commercial map of Michigan and the world gives the latest census returns. Free to subscribers who pay their subscription in advance.

ROOSEVELT AS A RIDER

How He Has Checked the Automobiling Fad In Washington.

HOSEBACK RIDING THE VOGUE

The President's Partiality For It Has Given That Form of Recreation a Boom In the National Capital—Invitation to Go Riding With Him a Special Mark of Favor.

President Roosevelt has dealt a heavy blow to the fad of automobile, says J. S. Henry, a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. And Mrs. Roosevelt have made horseback riding the vogue. The horseless carriage has been deserted for the saddle. Few occupants of the White House have set the pace so quickly as have the Roosevelts. Their influence has been healthful, and an interest in athletics, with indulgence in vigorous outdoor exercise, has been the result.

In this change of the fashion and habit of Washington's smart set the Roosevelts have acted their part unconsciously. They have merely brought to the White House the customs and habits of life they have always practiced in their private home. What they do is done naturally and without thought of setting the example of inviting imitation. President and Mrs. Roosevelt ride horseback because they enjoy the exercise and love the animals.

The president seeks outdoor exercise in riding and walking because he is naturally fond of it and because it is absolutely necessary as a tonic and preservative of his splendid health. Two or three hours spent in the open air galloping along country roads and across open commons or trudging on foot through the streets and suburbs enable him to renew his spirits and relieve the oppression of a day's work in his office, where matters of state engage his attention and politicians annoy him at every turn.

When the weather is fine and the country roads are in good condition, President and Mrs. Roosevelt go out on horseback almost daily. They are usually accompanied by two or three friends, and sometimes Miss Roosevelt takes the place of her mother. After passing the limits of the city restraint is cast off, and it is a merry party that puts the horses through their paces.

President Roosevelt usually leads in all adventure, and where stretch of country affords exhibitions of horsemanship he jumps ditches, fences and hurdles in the shape of low bushes, while the rest of the party follow, endeavoring to take every leap of their leader.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a good rider and sits her mount as safely as her distinguished husband, and other members of the family down to young Kermit, who is wrestling with a stubborn Shetland pony, are at home in the saddle.

It is regarded as a mark of particular favor to be invited to lunch or dine with the president, but those who want to get close to Mr. Roosevelt find their advantage when invited to accompany him on a horseback ride.

A recent appointment in Indiana has brought Senator Beveridge of that state to the front as an influential political factor. The appointment was not in accordance with Senator Fairbanks' judgment, but was insisted upon by Mr. Beveridge. Those who were surprised at the recognition given the young man over his more experienced colleague believe they have found the explanation. Mr. Beveridge is a frequent companion of President Roosevelt on the latter's gallops through the country. A mutual love for the horse has brought these strenuous men together.

Mr. Beveridge is so delighted with his horseback outings with Mr. Roosevelt that he has purchased a new mount and a few days ago brought it around to the White House to exhibit it to the president. The latter instantly brushed business aside and hurried down to the rear of the White House where the new animal was in c' of a groom. He and the Hoosier examined the animal carefully fitting its limbs, looking at its teeth and eyes and going over it with all the airs of expert horse dealers. The president commanded the senator's choice, and that afternoon a gallop over the Virginia hills tested the qualities of the new steed.

When they returned, they came up the circular driveway to the front of the White House, and both animals showed the effects of their run. They were steaming in sweat, with flecks of foam on their breast and flanks. The president was in high

spirits. His hat tilted slightly to one side and to the back and his dress showing some little disorder from the ride. But Senator Beveridge was in perfect trim and could have that moment entered the senate chamber in his riding habit. He wore a shining silk hat, which sat upon his head as straight and exact as though it had been adjusted before a mirror. His black frock coat was closely buttoned, his hands neatly gloved, and when he dismounted at the White House steps there was neither fleck nor flaw in his attire. The knife blade crease of his trousers had not even been broken. President Roosevelt cast an admiring glance at his young companion, whose senatorial dignity and composure had so completely withstood the wild ride over the Virginia hills.

PROMPT ACTION

when the first symptoms of disease appear will often save a serious and dangerous illness.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by its cure of obstinate coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, etc., has established a reputation as the best and most reliable put-up medicine for the cure of diseases of the organs of respiration.

It is not a mere "cough medicine" loaded with opiates or narcotics—which soothe but cannot effect a permanent cure.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic, and the healing which results from its use proves it a real strength-giving, body-building medicine.

"Only for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I would be in my grave to-day," writes Mr. Moses Miles, of Hilliard, Uinta Co., Wyoming. "I had asthma so bad I could not sleep at night and was compelled to give up work. It affected my lungs so that I coughed all the time, both day and night. My friends all thought that I had consumption. My wife has taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it has helped her so much she insisted on

BUGS EATING UP A CHURCH

Totally Stone Edifice in Ohio Almost Destroyed by Beetles.

Bugs are eating up the hundred thousand dollar Presbyterian church in Middletown, O., one of the handsomest stone edifices there, writes a special correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The walls on both Main and Fourth streets are made unsightly by the many holes bored by the insects and especially around the Fourth street entrance, where the sun shines all day there are myriads of holes, many of which are large enough to insert a lead pencil. In the stone about the holes crumbles readily to dust, and the work of destruction seems almost complete.

While each stone penetrated by the bugs is irreparably ruined, it does not follow that the handsome structure is in any immediate danger of collapse, and it may last for some years. The tower seems to have been first attacked by the insects, as it has suffered the most. Viewed from Main street below Fourth with a pair of opera glasses, it is seen to be literally a mass of holes. One stone near the top of the tower about six inches thick and two feet long is in such a bad state that it has almost fallen to pieces. Holes to the number of thirty-six were counted in this one stone. The corner stone has three deep holes that penetrate it for the length of a lead pencil.

The bugs that are doing the mischief are a sort of beetle that is common in the sandstone region, but has never been troublesome in that section before. They are black in color, about an inch and a half long and have powerful mandibles, with which they easily cut their way into the soft stone. They are very strong for their size. Their mandibles are about a quarter of an

inch long and are as hard as ivory.

The bugs have been examined by Professor J. E. McLean of the public school board, who says they are the most destructive insects he ever saw. They can run very fast. They have four legs and also have long, black wings. Their eyes are like glass and about as large as a pin head.

Coffee in Europe.

In Europe the greatest average consumption of coffee is in Denmark and the least in Russia.

Care of the Hair.

When the hair splits at the ends, it shows that the oily nutriment does not extend the whole length. When this occurs, remove the little fringes by singeing, as it has the same effect as plucking away the dead leaves of a plant, giving new life and a healthy growth to the unaffected part of the shaft.

Green Sheep.

Sheep with a green fleece are a novelty, but they are to be seen in Germany near some copper works. They live in the dust and fumes and drink water contaminated by copper.

Murders in England.

Seven in every 10,000 people die in England are murdered.

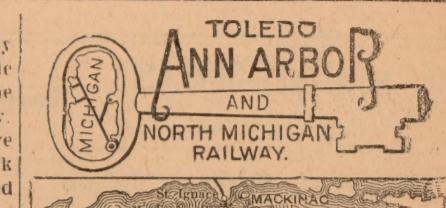
CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.

Beware of the dealer who tries to sell

"something just as good."



Trains leave Ann Arbor as follows:

NOTRE HOMME 8:45 am SOUTHERN 12:15 pm 7:30 am 8:45 pm

8:45 pm 4:30 pm 11:25 am 12:30 am

* Between Toledo and Ann Arbor only. All trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O.

E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbor

YPSILANTI

SAVINGS

BANK

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1 50pm	9 05am	Ypsilanti	4 5pm	2 25pm
2 09pm	9 10am	Pittsfield Jct.	4 25pm	1 15pm
2 25pm	9 27am	Saline	4 25pm	1 23 am
2 45pm	9 36am	Bridgewater	4 14pm	1 45pm
3 55pm	10 09am	Manchester	3 55pm	1 17 am
3 34pm	10 28am	Brownwood	3 25pm	9 00am
4 25pm	11 07am	W. Monroe	3 25pm	9 15 am
5 2 pm	11 18am	Jerome	2 55pm	9 15 am

**BOR & JACKSON RAILWAY
TIME TABLE.**

In Effect April 16th, 1901.

The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.

Leave Ypsilanti.	Leave Saline.
6:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
2:45	3:45
4:45	5:45
6:45	7:30
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Mrs. Couch is on the sick list.

Mrs. Irvin left last week for To-rono.

Miss Winnie Davis has the scarlet fever.

John Allison is spending a few days in Pontiac.

William Bostick of Detroit is visiting in the city.

O. W. Seymour is spending a few days at Toledo.

Horace Boutell of St. Clair is in the city for a few days.

Ned Dolson of Ionia is spending a few days in the city.

Miss Edna Kittle has opened hair parlors in Ann Arbor.

Frank Daly of Detroit has been visiting Ypsilanti friends.

Work will be resumed in the public schools Monday, Jan. 6.

H. E. Van de Walker has returned from a visit in Kalamazoo.

W. E. Pierce has been granted an increase of pension to \$10.

Miss Ruth Putnam is home from Kentucky for a short stay.

Mrs. Drace, of New York, is the guest of Miss Alice Barnes.

Miss Langford of Lansing is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Cooper, of Detroit, was the guest of Miss Ella Buck Friday.

Miss Minnie Coe, of Saline, is the guest of Miss Delia Harwood.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Moorman, Sunday, Dec. 29, a girl.

J. W. Mitchell of Mt. Pleasant is spending a few days in the city.

Dr. C. E. St. John of Oberlin College is the guest of Ypsilanti friends.

Mrs. A. Coryell is spending a few days with relatives at Charlotte.

Miss Grace Clement of the Pontiac schools is home for the holidays.

Mrs. George Howard of Big Rapids is the guest of Ypsilanti friends.

Miss Mayme Baker, of Jackson, is the guest of Miss Helen McNicol.

A farmers' one-day meeting will be held in the city Thursday, Jan. 16.

Clarence Coryell, of Toronto, is spending a few weeks in the city.

Mrs. Milton Watson of Detroit is visiting her father, Rev. E. W. Ryan.

Miss Maude Allen is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. K. Church, of Marshall.

The Hamilton Whist club met with Mrs. Lepper at Ann Arbor Tuesday.

Mrs. G. A. Walterhouse is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Tryon of Toledo.

Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Horton of Detroit are the guests of Detroit friends.

P. W. Rose, of Howell, is spending a few days in the city with relatives.

Miss Osgood, of Brooklyn, Mich., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Prof. Gordon.

Miss Sadie Harding is the guest of Mrs. Stannard, of Detroit, for a few days.

Mrs. Jennie Kinne is entertaining Miss Susan Mills and Edward Mills of Mason.

Mr. Osgood, of Chelsea, is spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Gorton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, of Wallace boulevard, are spending a few days in Detroit.

Miss Alice Goodison, of Philadelphia, is spending a few weeks with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Everett returned Saturday night from a brief visit in Detroit.

Miss Clara Brabb, of 615 Pearl street, is spending her vacation in Romeo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jackson are visiting Lloyd Lewis and family at Eaton Rapids.

Mrs. Heglund was in Detroit Tuesday attending the wedding of her brother.

Miss Anna Lappens of the Bad Axe public schools is in the city for the holidays.

Mrs. Lawler and Miss Louise Lawler of Cross street are visiting in Wilmot.

Mrs. G. H. Warner of Munising is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Harriet Goodison.

Mrs. W. D. Crocker has returned to Eaton Rapids after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hemphill.

Miss Lettie Augustine of Manistee is spending the holidays with relatives in the city.

Miss Nellie Quirk, of Milwaukee, is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Gorton.

Miss Hannah Lake, of Holly, Mich., is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. L. Rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Sisson have moved from S. Summit street to No. 12 N. Summit street.

Dan Ellsworth sang a solo at St. Andrew's Episcopal church in Ann Arbor Sunday.

Stanley Matthews, of Milan, will spend New Year's in this city the guest of his parents.

Mrs. Whittaker, of Belleville, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Heglund, Monday.

Miss Abbie Pearce of the Normal faculty, is spending the vacation at Grand Haven.

Mrs. S. B. Hutchinson and Miss Retta Hutchinson left last week for San Francisco.

Mrs. Johnson, of Coldwater, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Marshall, of Ellis street.

Mrs. Evelyn Cressure of Detroit will install the officers at the W. R. C. Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Webster returned Saturday from a few days' stay in Detroit.

Dr. William A. Campbell, of Muskegon, is in the city for a few days' visit with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Showerman, of New York city, are the guests of Mrs. Harriet Showerman.

Prof. E. C. Horner, of Benton Harbor high school, is spending a few days in the city.

Rev. and Mrs. William Gardam celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary Friday evening.

Dr. H. B. Jenks and family are entertaining Prof. and Mrs. B. E. Smith of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Bovee is in Northville, called there by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Cady.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Russ, who have been spending the past few months at Flint, have returned.

Miss Mina Barr, who has been the guest of Detroit friends the past few weeks, has returned.

Mrs. N. B. Trim and daughter, Lulu, returned Saturday evening from a week's stay at St. Clair.

Miss Minnie Hoover, of Harper Hospital, Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. Baker of Normal street.

Mrs. J. Rose, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday in the city, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Waterman.

Mrs. Anthony Kinney, of Pearl street, fell on the slippery boards and broke her ankle last week.

Miss Elizabeth Millspaugh leaves Friday for Lafayette, Ind., to continue her work in Pudue university.

Mrs. Anna Stevenson, editor of the Normal News, has returned from a week's stay in Grand Rapids.

Mr. Miller, of the C. B. C., who has been spending the past few days at Pittsburgh, Pa., has returned.

Mrs. Moyer, of Jackson, is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. Stevens, of Normal street.

The Michigan Ladder Co. of this city has filed articles of incorporation at Lansing, capital stock \$6,000.

Miss Arney, of Normal street, who has been the guest of friends at Three Rivers, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arthur and children, of Pontiac, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Wilbur.

Miss Johnson, a teacher in the La- peer schools, is spending a few weeks in the city, the guest of relatives.

Miss Emma Elliott left Friday for a week's stay with friends and relatives at Howell and Fowlerville.

Miss Addie Parker, of Cleveland, who has been the guest of her mother the past week, returned Tuesday.

The annual business meeting and supper at the Congregational church will be held Friday evening, Jan. 3.

The city clerk states that only those dogs which are under three months of age are exempt from the license law.

Prof. Strong left Tuesday for New York, where he will be joined by his sister, who will accompany him to Florida.

Miss Clydie Unkstman and Mrs. Ida Steffy were initiated in the Ypsilanti hive, No. 621, L. O. T. M. Thursday evening.

N. H. Bowen, a reporter for the Detroit Tribune, has returned to his duties after a 10-day's vacation spent in the city.

The state board of education at Grand Rapids last week was occupied wholly by the transaction of routine business.

Richard Stafford, an aged colored man known as "Uncle Dick," who has been in Lansing the past few weeks, died there Tuesday.

The employees of the Scharf Tag, Label & Box Co. gave Manager D. P. Sullivan a handsome suit case as a Christmas remembrance.

The marriage of Miss Ella Moore, the daughter of J. C. Moore, and George H. Barrett of Novi, occurred last Thursday afternoon.

A. L. Verschoor and family leave the 6th of January for Old Mexico, where Mr. Verschoor has accepted a position as overseer of a plantation.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church will meet Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, with Miss Eliza Stewart, of 314 Cross street.

Improvements are going on in the vacant store next to Wm. Reader's barber shop, where a cigar store will be opened in the near future.

The employees of the electric light works present their superintendent, Robert Hemphill, Jr., with a handsome sofa pillow as a Christmas gift.

John C. Roberts was before Justice Childs Tuesday morning, charged with being drunk Monday. He was given ten days in the county bastile.

The remains of Myrtle Palmer of Detroit, a former, Ypsilanti resident, were interred in Highland cemetery, last Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

E. W. Owen sent a fine string of Barred Rocks to the Detroit show, winning 2d cockerel score, 93, and selling three fine cockerels to Sharp Butterfield.

Prof. Delos Fall of Albion, state superintendent of public instruction, and P. H. Kelly of Detroit of the state board of education, were in the city Tuesday.

W. Irving Yeckley, of Rawsonville, died Sunday morning after an illness of more than a year. He was 68 years of age. The funeral was held Tuesday at 2 o'clock.

James Evans, of Cleveland, was given ten days in the county jail Tuesday morning for being drunk Monday. He was brought before Justice Childs by Officer Ryan.

J. S. Davis, who is very ill, seems a little better, but is not yet out of danger. The fever seemed to break Tuesday and his friends have the best of hopes for his recovery.

From figures stated by different butchers of the city as to the amount of business done, it is apparent that at least \$150,000 worth of meat is consumed in Ypsilanti in a year.

A special feature of the music rendered at the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning was a violin solo by Frank C. Smith, of Toronto, with organ accompaniment by Mrs. Reilly.

Charles B. Maulbetsch, child of Mr. and Mrs. John Maulbetsch, died Saturday morning. The little one was 4 years, 8 months and 16 days old. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Zella Strang, one of the public school teachers, was taken sick Thursday and on Friday went to her home at Ypsilanti. Her place in the schools was filled by Miss Allie Bissell.—Milan Leader.

Officer Ryan was informed late Friday night that some one in the Case block on S. Huron street had a short time before cried "murder," but an investigation failed to reveal anything suspicious.

The Presbyterian Young People's league were entertained Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Wharton. A candy-pull was the feature of the evening, besides other diversions. The league was well represented.

The stone crusher was set in operation Tuesday afternoon, and in the presence of the mayor and a number of the aldermen ground away on "hard heads" for an hour or more, the test being eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Cramer, formerly assistant in the science department of the Normal, left last week for Manhattan, Kansas, where he has accepted a position as professor of zoology and curator of the museum in the State Agricultural college.

Chas. McCormick and F. C. Taylor of Detroit, are at Ypsilanti looking for Chas. H. and Warren Lewis' fine horses that are being prepared for John Splan's great horse auction sale at the Coliseum building, Chicago, on Jan. 13.

Ypsilanti is learning something. Its justices have always turned over all penal fines to the city treasurer, who in turn has dumped them into the city cash box, whereas by statute, all fines for state offences must be paid to the county, and go into the library fund.

Several years of accumulations will have to be fished up, and the bottom of the city cash drawer will be laid bare.—Adrian Press.

We have just received in time for the cold weather a lot of blankets which we place on sale at special low prices. We offer you a heavy **STRICTLY ALL-WOOL BLANKET** for \$2.98; for we WANT you to compare it with the best you can find elsewhere at \$1.00 per pair more. Also one lot of **EXTRA SIZE** fleeced blanket at 75¢ pair.

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SUBMITTED BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

AS TO CLOTHING.

HERE is an epitaph in a Vermont church-yard: "I expected this but not so soon." Such is the epitaph on clothing worn out in the wash-tub. Underclothing may be fragile, yet it ought not to wear out in ten weeks. But this isn't wear; it is decay. You buy 5 cents worth of cheap soap and you lose the equivalent of 50 cents in the wash-tub. Ivory Soap will not harm the most delicate fabric. Is it wise not to use it?

IVORY SOAP IS 99 1/2 PER CENT. PURE.

SNOW QUESTION BOTHERS PEOPLE

"The council ought to take some action in regard to having the snow cleared off the walks," said a city official to a reporter yesterday. "We haven't had so very much snow this winter, I'll admit, but practically no attempt at all has been made to clean away the present fall, except what the property owners and tenants have done voluntarily. Half the walks in town were covered with slush Christmas and the next, and on Christmas even Congress street, in the business district, was two or three inches deep, with water and slush."

"Who's at the bottom of the trouble?" asked the reporter.

"It's the council and the charter more than anything else," was the reply, "as the charter states specifically that the streets and walks are to be under the care of the street commissioner, while the council for several years back have been inclined to hold the Normal responsible for clearing away the snow. It has been the custom in past years for the marshal to send a gang out with shovels within a reasonable time of a snow fall, with instructions to clear off all walks that needed attention, and to bring back a report of their work, that the expenses would be charged up to the property owners."

"What's been done this year?" was asked, and the reply came, "Practically nothing, as far as I can see, and that's just the trouble."

The official explained that in his opinion the council ought to hold a special meeting, to decide whether the street commissioner or the marshal is to be made responsible for cleaning the snow away, and then to adopt regulations presenting the manner in which the work shall be carried on.

Marshal Warner said to the reporter that on account of the charter provision he has paid little attention to the snow, believing that this is the duty of the street commissioner, and that when complaints were made to him of particular walks that have not been cleared he has referred the complainants to the street commissioners.

"The marshal has the city poor to look after," he said, "and the taxes to collect, besides his police duty, and that seems to me to be enough. The council ought to decide, however, which of us it is, and then we would all know where we are at."

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the providence of God, we are again called to mourn the death of our esteemed brother and fellow workman, George Wilson, and whereas the long and intimate relation held with him in our noble order, we deem it eminently befitting that we record our appreciation of him, therefore be it

Resolved, That his sudden removal from among us, cause a feeling of the deepest sorrow of the members of our brotherhood, and his presence will be greatly missed.

Resolved, That with our deep sympathy with the bereaved family of our deceased brother, we express our hope that ever so great a loss may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of our order and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

A. R. GRAVES,
GUY E. DAVIS,
W. A. WOOLSEY,
Committee.

G. A. R. AND W. R. C ELECT OFFICERS

The G. A. R. and the W. R. C. have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

G. A. R.
Commander—Hiram Boutell.
S. C.—C. C. Carr.
J. C.—D. Carpenter.
Quartermaster—Jacob Wise.
Officer of the Day—E. E. Trim.
Officer of the Guard—G. Spencer.
Chaplain—John Tuttle.

W. R. C.
President—Mrs. Caroline Phillips.
Seior Vice-President—Mrs. Elvira Clough.

Junior Vice-President—Mrs. Corneilla Sevey.

S.—Mrs. Alice Whitford.
T.—Mrs. Mary Russel.

Chaplain—Mrs. Marie Culver.

Conductor—Mrs. Mary Crane.

Guard—Mrs. Stanton Ferguson.

The officers in the two orders will be publicly installed at G. A. R. hall, Friday, Jan. 3, when a fine musical program will be given.

MONTH AFTER MONTH
a cold clings to you. The cough seems to tear holes in the delicate tissues of the throat and lungs. You lose weight and you wonder if you are threatened with a disease you scarcely dare to name. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Do not spend more of your life in coughing and worrying.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Spirit of Christmas.
All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old feuds forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty clasps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a true to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts.
At gay Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.

—New York Journal.

Queer.

"It's mighty hard to judge by appearances," said Uncle Eben. "When you see a man with a new suit of clothes, you nebber kin tell whether he's got a whole lot o' money or whether he's jes' done spent it all."—Washington Star.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure Constipation and Sick Headache. Only 25¢ at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stores.

Pleasure Versus Pain.

It is said that "no one knows pleasure until he has known pain." If this is so, what pleasure there must be in store for the Rheumatics! It is absolutely impossible, however, for them to know pleasure until they get rid of their Rheumatism. The sure way for them to do this is to use Athlo-photos. It has given pleasure to over 50,000 people by curing their Rheumatism. It will give pleasure to all that uses it. One bottle of Athlo-photos will give immediate relief. A few bottles will cure. It is folly not to try it. After the first bottle you will know pleasure as you have known pain.

Athlo-photos
Removes
RHEUMATISM
Sold by Druggists. Booklet Sent Free.
THE ATHLOPHOTOS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Half the ills that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

THE WOES OF HANS

A SUGGESTION FROM THE TAILOR
PUTS HIM ON HIS METTLE.

The Little German Cobbler Is Full of Enterprise and Tries a New Scheme to Draw Customers, but, as Usual, Things Go Wrong.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

OT little tailor comes in my shop again der odder day and looks all around and says:

"How vhas it you don't haft some work?"

"Because no work comes in," I says.

"Dot vhas no excuse. If you vhas some hustler you can make work come in. Hans, I vhas discouraged about you. You don't know so much about peeness as a rag baby."

"Haa!" I says. "You go home und mind your tailor shop und I will show you some trick mit a hole in it. Tomorrow I bring out sooch a scheme as neffer vhas."

He looks at me mit pity in his eye und goes avhay, und dot night I puts



A.D.R.

"COBBLER, DER ORPHAN GIRL VHAS COME," oop a sign in der window dot reads, "All der shoes for orphan children shall be fixed oop free of cost." I vhas pleased und my wife vhas pleased und we go to be der happy. It vhas a great advertisement for my shop if all der orphan children in town come in mit der shoes. I don't eat my breakfast before somebody knock on der door, und when I lets him in vhas a mans mit a tear in his eye und six pairs of shoes in his hand.

"Cobbler, I haft come in to take advantage of dot sign," he says. "You vhas a cobbler mit a heart, you vhas. I vhas an orphan for forty-eight years, but dis vhas der first time anyody vhas good to me. You can mend oop my shoes while I wait."

"But how can you be some orphan children?" I says.

"Dot vhas dead easy. I haft no fadder or mudder, und if I vhas a man in years I vhas a child in my heart. Would you like to hear me say 'Mary Had a Little Lamb?' Yes, I vhas ash innocent und tender hearted ash a child two years old, und your goodness brings tears to my eyes. Hurry oop my shoes."

I don't do it. I tell dot mans he vhas a fraud und a deceiver, und he shumps at me und shakes his fist in my face und says he can break easery bone in my body in two minutes. It takes me ten minutes to get him out of der shop, und he don't get round der corner before a young mans mit his hat on his ear and a bad cigar in his mouth comes in und says:

"Well, old mans, I vhas looking for an orphan asylum more ash four years, und I vhas glad to find you at last. You can put fine cement patches on dot right shoe und six on der left, und den you can take me out for some beer."

"How vhas you?" I says.

"I vhas a poor little orphan boy four years old, und der cold, cruel world don't care for me. All last week I vhas crying because I don't haft nothing to eat. Ah, cobbler, you may neffer know how she vhas to be left a young orphan."

"But you vhas a young mans," I says.

"Dot vhas all in your eyes," he replies. "You don't see straight. I may look to be twenty-two, but, alas, I vhas hardly more ash a baby. Please hush on dose patches."

He can't fool me he vhas some children, und when I says so we haft a row. If I don't haft my shoe knife in my hand he would hit me on der jaw. When he goes out, he says he vwill haft me arrested for false pretenses, und my wife vhas so scared she shakes all over. Maype I had better take dot sign down, but after two minutes an old woman comes in. She haft a cane in one hand und a pair of shoes in der other, und she says to me:

"Cobbler, der orphan girl vhas come."

"How you vhas?" I says.

"I vhas some orphan children to get my shoes fixed oop free."

"But you vhas an old woman."

"Ah, cobbler, do not spoke like dot to me! It vhas because I haft on my grandmother's clothes dot I look so old. You don't know how he vhas to be a little girl und haft no home. Do you haft some beer in dot pail?"

"Of course not."

"Vhelli, I like some beer to make me forget I vhas some orphans, but neffer mind. If you fix oop my shoes heaven shall bless you."

I say she had better go out und dry some games on der drugstore, und she gets mad und screams and yells till more ash one hooneered peoples comes around. She don't go out till she breaks my lamp und calls me names, und I shump oop und take dot sign down so queek as neffer vhas. She vwill siust down when dot fat policeman comes along und says:

"Ho! ho! So you haft some more rows, eh?"

"It vhas all oafers," I says.

"But let me see. So you fix oop shoes for orphan children free of cost? Why don't you tell me about dot?"

"Because you vhas no orphan children."

"Oh, I ain't? Maybe you don't know

dot I vhas an orphan for forty years, but I soon show you."

"But you vhas no children."

"Don't talk back to me! It makes no difference how old I vhas if I vhas an orphan. Don't you know a mans can shed tears und feel sad if his fadder und mudder vhas dead? Cobbler, you like to leave me out on dot deal, but I vwill make it hot for you."

Und he takes me by der neck und leads me outdoors und slams me around till I can't stand oop no more, und when he finally goes avhay he shakes his club behind him and says:

"If you vwant some more you shust open another orphan asylum und leave dis orphan on der outside!"

M. QUAD.

He Believed in Dreams.

"Speaking about dreams," said the Boston insurance man as he relighted the stub of his cigar, "I can't say that I do or do not believe in them. One night, during the palmy days of the Louisiana lottery, I dreamed that a certain ticket hit the capital prize. Two days later a friend showed me that very ticket, and I gave him twenty-five dollars for it."

"And did it hit the prize?" was asked.

"No, sir; didn't come within a mile of it."

"And have you any other instance?"

"I have. A year or two later I fell asleep in a hammock one day and dreamed that I was the biggest ass in America for dreaming that other dream."

"And did it turn out as you dreamed?"

"Well, I have my wife's word for it every hour in the day, and so I guess it did. She wanted that twenty-five dollars for a spring hat, you see."

Could Dispense With a Protector.

The Judge—You say he treated you with cruelty. At the time he struck you on the cheek, as set forth in your application, did you turn the other cheek?

Fair Applicant—I did not, your honor. I hit him on the mouth and loosened a tooth for him.

The Judge—The divorce is granted. You don't seem to need any man to protect you, and it may be safer for him to call everything off.—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew Better.

"But I can't cast Blinks for that part," protested the manager of the amateur theatrical company in answer to the request of the heroine. "He doesn't know how to play the lover."

"He doesn't!" she exclaimed. "Well that's all you know about it. Why, he?"

Then she stopped and blushed.

"I mean in public," said the manager.

Thereupon she blushed some more.—Chicago Post.

Her First Thought. | Inexperienced

She—I've just been reading "A Winter in Paradise," by Talkington. How enchantingly he writes of the calm happiness of married lovers!

He—Yes; he is a bachelor, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Usual Fate.

The Dreamer—Miss Gotrox is a poem.

The Poet—She doesn't look it.

The Dreamer—Doesn't look what?

The Poet—As if she would ever be declined with thanks.

—New York World.

The Reason.

Sothern, the comedian, was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out:

"Hi, you sir! Do you know there is another act?"

The offender was equal to the occasion, however. He turned to the actor and answered cheerfully:

"Oh, yes; that's why I'm going!"

A Definition.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," remarked the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm; I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."—Toledo Bee.

Punishing the Elected.

New Arrival—And are there worse tortures?

Satan—Are there? Why, over there in that side room I have a bunch of schoolboys playing an endless game of progressive euchre. —Baltimore World.

Transferred.

A Little Derelict

A Bit of Flotsam From the Galveston Flood

By GABRIELLE E. JACKSON

Copyright, 1901, by Gabrielle E. Jackson

HAT a big sea it seemed! Water everywhere and filled with floating wreckage of every description, as though some giant had picked up a city, crushed it in his mighty hand and dropped it into the bay. An awesome sight for older eyes, but it evidently filled one little being with delight, for she clapped her hands joyously and bobbed up and down in her strange boat as it rose and fell upon the waves.

What a story that boat told! Little had its designer dreamed that it would ever venture upon such a voyage. A houseboat indeed, its very perfection rendering it pathetic, for not an article in it but testified to a woman's gentle touch. The world knows the story only too well, and Galveston will never forget it.

Amid all the horrors that one house floated, perfect except for the loss of its roof. In a second story room, utterly unaware of her peril and happy as a bird, sat a sunny haired little maid, laughing and singing to herself as the house swayed up and down.

"Lawdy me! Who's a-singin' out in this awful place?"

"Taye's a-tingin'! Faye's a-tingin' 'cause the house dance so!"

"But you mustn't stay in there. Will you come along in the boat with me? I'll take good care of you, little lady. Is your ma in there too?"

"No; mother's don't wid big man. Her went to sleep wight so," throwing out her hands and casting herself face downward upon the floor, little realizing all she was revealing. "Faye runned into the nursery to find Juno, and den big man weached wight in the windle and picked little mother wight up. He didn't see Faye. He took little mother off in the boat, and Juno jumped wight out the windle and swummed away after the boat in all the wain and left Faye all alone. But Faye not 'twaid. Little mother often leave Faye and Juno and say, 'Faye, be dood dirl till little mother tum back.' And Faye's been weal dood, but she is so hungry."

The boy looked at the little beauty as though she were a being from another world and said again:

"Come with me, and we'll try to find your ma."

"Eess, Faye'll tum, but must get Jimima first. Touldn't leave my pweious child." And, running into the nursery, she took a tattered rag doll from her crib.

At last all was ready, and, pushing off the boat, the boy took up his paddle to paddle—where? He had no home in this great world, and hers would soon find an anchorage in the bottom of Galveston bay.

The search for poor Jimima's friends was soon ended, for when questioned by those who had taken the little voyagers in charge after they came ashore he answered: "Never had none as I knows on. I lived along somehow, and when the flood come I got into the old boat and paddled around to see what I could find, and I found the little lady almost the fust thing."

From Faye they could learn but little. She was "just Faye, papa's and little mother's sweetheart," and told them the same story she had already told Jimmy.

So nothing remained for little Faye but Jimima and her Jimmie, from whom she positively refused to be separated. Poor little Jimmy! A small knight errant in God's great world, homeless and alone, yet one of his little ones.

It was difficult, notwithstanding the aid from outside sources, to find a home for the children, but at last they were placed in an orphan asylum in the northern part of the state. It was a bitter enough change for both, although from entirely different standpoints. For the child, bred in affection and luxury, the change was cruel indeed, while to the boy, accustomed to perfect freedom, it was the life of a caged bird.

Moreover, without fully appreciating the reason, he was keenly alive to Faye's unhappiness and, after witnessing it for four months, resolved to put an end to it if it were possible to do so.

A northern Texas winter was now upon them, and one afternoon, during one of the brief moments he could steal to be with his idol, he laid his plans for her release as well as his own, and ere many hours had passed they were carried into effect.

The empty cattle cars jolted onward, the engine puffing and struggling, to drag the long train over the snow covered tracks. The air was filled with whirling flakes, and the cold was intense. Huddled in a corner of one car were two small figures rolled up in an old blanket eating a frugal luncheon, the last of the supply of food which Jimmy had "swiped" from the asylum.

"Eat it, every bit, Faye. Jimmy ain't hungry. We're most there, I reckon, and I wouldn't wonder if paper and Hite mother was a-waitin' for us."

Slower and slower crawled the train until it came to a standstill, side track at a little prairie town.

"We can't go no farther, Faye, so come along with Jimmy. We'll go up to the town over yonder, and maybe they'll invite us to take dinner at the hotel," said Jimmy as he lifted Faye from the car.

It is bitter to tell of the return to Galveston of Faye's father to find the city in ruins, his home swept away and his wife and child he knew not where. While north on business news of the terrible disaster had reached him, and he had hastened south as fast as steam could carry him. Then came weeks of almost hopeless searching from one end of the city to the other, with repeated visits to the site of his old home, as though some power he could not withstand led him back to the scene of his former happiness. It was during one of these visits and while gazing despairingly at the ruins of his home that he was startled by a huge St. Bernard dog which sprang upon him with wild demonstrations of joy. It was Juno, the pet of the household and Faye's constant companion.

The faithful brute had never given up the search for Faye, and rarely a day passed that she did not visit the site of the old home. The sagacious creature needed no commands, and within an hour had led Mr. Osborne straight to the "little mother's" bed-side.

It was many weeks before Mrs. Osborne was able to join her husband in the seemingly hopeless search for Faye, but the mother's heart would not give up. Winter was upon them when rumor at last guided them to the asylum, where they learned that the children had run away and all trace of them was lost. Jimmy had laid his plans only too well.

Heartbroken and despairing, they started for Chicago, Mrs. Osborne's former home, but when within a few hours' ride of it, finding themselves held prisoners by a western blizzard, they sought refuge for the night in a small prairie town. Comfortable quarters were secured in the hotel, and after leaving the faithful Juno to the care of the clerk, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne retired.

"Look out, Dolly, or you'll be down! Growing old, old lady!" cried Dr. Sprague to the intelligent mare who for the past twelve years had served him so faithfully. Dolly replied by an expressive snort, shook her head and refused to advance a step.

It was a wild, midwinter night. The doctor and Dolly had traveled many miles since nightfall and were nearing a cozy home and snug stable. The horses were secured in the hotel, and Juno jumped wight out the windle and swummed away after the boat in all the wain and left Faye all alone. But Faye not 'twaid. Little mother often leave Faye and Juno and say, "Faye, be dood dirl till little mother tum back." And Faye's been weal dood, but she is so hungry."

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The stairs as though she had gone mad, for just then a little voice above cried: "All for Dimmie and me! All for Dimmie and me!" as the doctor's wife placed bowls of warm milk and big slices of graham bread before two nearly famished children.

The dog bounded into the room, knocking Faye heels over head and tip over her bread and milk.

Faye lay flat upon her back, utterly undisturbed by the white sea, with its brown islands, in which she floated, while Juno, with whines of delight licked the child's face and hands and whimpered over her as though she were one of her own puppies restored to her.

Faye clasped her arms about the shaggy neck and cried in a joyous voice:

"Juno tummed for Faye! Little mother sent Juno to fetch Faye and Dimmie!"

Half an hour later the doctor rang up the sleepy clerk, for Juno had led him straight back to the hotel, and a few moments later Faye was gathered into "little mother's" arms.

No words can describe that meeting. Jimmy looked upon it in amazement. Such joy and intense love were a reveal-



"JUNO TUMMED FOR FAYE."

lation to him. But he was not forgotten, for the baby voice which had grown so dear to him cried out:

"Take my Dimmie, too, little mother; take my Dimmie too!" And poor Little Jimmy, a little derelict on life's great ocean who had never known love or home, was drawn into a secure and sheltering harbor, safe from the buffeting of fate and the rude tempests of life.

Canine Taste For Cheese.

"Do dogs like cheese? Well, I should say so," exclaimed a waiter in a lunch cafe. "I imagine that dogs prefer cheese to any other food that is going. I didn't know this myself till two or three months ago. Then one afternoon a man happened in here with a very nice fox terrier, and I tossed the animal a lump of cheese from a plate which a pie eater had just abandoned.

"Oh, he won't eat that," said the owner of the dog.

"Very likely not," said I.

"But by the time the terrier had hoped with a grunt of joy on the morsel, and he swallowed it with such a blissful look as I never saw on a dog's face before. And—would you believe it?—the next morning bright and early that fox terrier came in here alone and ran to me and looked up in my face, wagging his tail. I thought I knew what he wanted, but to make sure I threw him a bit of meat. He turned away from it in disgust. Then I threw him a bit of cheese, and he was happy. He hung around two days. His owner located him at last and took him home."—Philadelphia Record.

Greek Fire.

Chemistry holds many secrets, some of which, when they are discovered, will not be found out for the first time. Among these is the substance which formed such a terribly effective weapon against fleets hostile to the Greeks and which was known as Greek fire. Nothing known at the present time will do what this substance was reported to do—namely, to set fire to ships when brought into contact with water.

Pressed Flowers.

Several methods of preserving the natural color of pressed flowers have been suggested, but the best, it is said, is that used in the New York Botanical garden. After the specimens have been put under pressure for a day or two they are laid in papers heated in the sun, and this is repeated until the drying is completed. This, it is said, preserves the colors perfectly.—New York Journal.

He Kept His.

"She said you were going to kiss me," she asserted.

"Quite right," he answered, "but you said you would be very angry, and I am too much of a gentleman to do anything objectionable."

"A gentleman," she retorted, "does not break his word."

Then she got it.—Chicago Post.

The Irrepressible Youngster.

"Will you have another dish of ice cream?" asked the mother of Johnnie, whose place was across from the invited guest Johnny's mother was entertaining that day.

"Well, yes; I b'lieve I will," said Johnnie, "bein's we don't have it more'n wunnt a year."—Ohio State Journal.

How to Clean Sewing Machines.

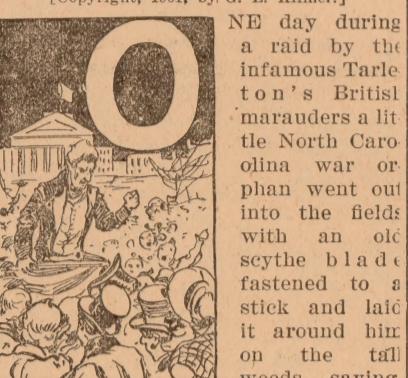
Kerosene is excellent for a sewing machine that has become gummed and consequently runs hard. Oil every place with the best kerosene oil, then wipe the bearings carefully and oil with the regular machine oil, and the result will be surprising.

A MAN OF ACTIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON'S AGGRESSIVE TACTICS IN THE HOUR OF COMBAT

He Was a Fierce Hater, and Hatred of Somebody Spurred Him in All His Fights—With Him, Blows Led Off.

[Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.]



NE day during a raid by the infamous Tarleton's British marauders a lit the North Carolina war orphan went out into the fields with an old scythe blade fastened to a stick and laid it around him on the tall weeds, saying, "Oh, if you were only Britishers!" Later, when the same boy, who, though still a boy in years, was in the army, an officer grown to full manhood threatened to whip him for a trifling offense. "All right," said the youngster, "but first prepare to meet your God."

The boy was Andrew Jackson, and his displays of spirit led to the prediction, "Andy will fight his way in the world." It was a long way that he fought, to the very pinnacle of fame and power, and the pathway was strewn all along with the broken skulls of his antagonists. Jackson's most noted achievements were won because he made the issues personal fights. It was not ambition for the presidency that led to his stirring political campaign, but the frenzy of a war against Clay. He put down nullification more to dispose of Calhoun than to antagonize any idea, and in his war on the United States bank the enemy he was after was Biddle, not the institution behind him.

After the scythe blade incident Andrew and his brother Robert were prisoners in the hands of Tarleton and suffered the most cruel humiliation and outrage. Some of the family who knew all about this, recalling his temper in after life, would add, "I'll bet Andy thought of Tarleton that day at New Orleans!" But Jackson was more than vindictive. Every show of antagonism, impediment or challenge brought out an impetuosity which was nothing short of savage. It was not, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," with him. He thought he was always right and meant to get in the first blow. He could arbitrate only with the red sword of victory in his own hands.

Jackson was quick to shoot, quick in battle and quick in the political arena. One of his boyhood's war lessons was learned at the battle of Hanging Rock, where the American horsemen, who were to ride in and then dismount and finish the business afoot, "leaped from their horses a hundred yards too late." This he took as a hint that in every contest it is better to be too early by miles than to be late a single step.

Sometimes Jackson's impetuosity was to his discredit, but the provocation was great. He opened fire on Sevier, the maligner of his wife, in the crowded street, roaring out the anathema, "Great God, do you mention her sacred name?" In the celebrated Dickinson duel, where Jackson was severely wounded and his antagonist killed, Jackson wanted the meeting immediately after the challenge passed. Dickinson's seconds asked for a week's delay because they had no pistols ready.

Jackson wrote: "If you cannot obtain pistols, we pledge you choice of ours. Let me hear from you immediately."

Dickinson, although a crack shot, simply wanted time to practice. The morning of the duel he cut a string in two at eight paces, the distance agreed upon for firing. Jackson knew his adversary's skill, but he declared that if he (Jackson) had been shot through the brain he would still have hit Dickinson. Dickinson got in the first shot and broke two of Jackson's ribs, but the determined fighter only clinched his teeth and took deliberate and deadly aim. When Jackson heard that Dickinson was dying, he offered to send the aid of surgeons and give a bottle of wine, but he hurried from the scene and wouldn't allow the dying man, so proud of his marksmanship, to know that his shot had really taken effect. Yet with all his ferocity Jackson could be noble in a quarrel. After he had come to power the Bentons made it plain in their treatment of a protege of the general that his own judgment and influence were challenged. When Jackson heard of it, he promptly felt like fighting and swore he would lop Colonel Tom Benton on sight. The Bentons knew that Jackson would be as good as his word and went prepared. One day while passing the City hotel in Nashville Jackson saw Colonel Tom and his brother Jesse standing together at the main entrance. The general passed the hotel some distance, then suddenly turned short and stepped up to Colonel Tom. "Now, you — rascal," said he, "defend yourself!"

Jackson was then armed with his riding whip only. Benton made a motion to draw, but Jackson anticipated him and, with pistol at his foeman's breast, backed him through the hotel to the rear entrance, all the time holding his life in his hands. Then Jesse Benton sneaked up behind and shot Jackson down. A slug and a ball from Jesse Benton's pistol were in Jackson's arm and shoulder when the news that war had been declared reached Tennessee. Within five days he tendered his services to the government, issued a call to his old troops and named a rendezvous. Exactly thirty days from the time the treacherous missiles laid him low he was riding to the rendezvous with his

arm in a sling and too weak to mount his horse without help. Hostile Creek Indians and not British were Jackson's first enemies, and at Fort Talledega, after a march of thirty miles, he fell upon the besiegers of the fort and swept the field at one blow. Over 300 Creeks were killed and only fifteen Tennesseans. Savage work indeed! But with a man like Jackson "war means fighting, and fighting means killing;" the swiftest the killing the quicker one side or the other must give in. Jackson never gave in.

But the history of battles gives no parallel of Jackson's fighting energy at New Orleans. He rode into the city worn down with disease and the fatigue of a long journey in the saddle. Before he slept he made a tour of the improvised lines of local troops, and every officer, scout, engineer and aid within reach was under orders on duty. When the cry, "Jackson has come!" echoed through the threatened city, hope took the place of sullenness and despair. It is true that he put on his bold front with little to back it up except the "ragtag and bobtail" of the streets. There was possibility of defeat, and Jackson made up his mind, as he afterward declared, that when the worst came he would "fire the city and fight the enemy amid the surrounding flames."

After Jackson had held up the British far below the environs and was personally looking after affairs at the front, messenger rode down with the news that the legislature had decided to surrender the city. At the same time Colonel Duncan galloped up and said to the general, "The governor awaits your orders." Referring to the first message, the irate soldier lifted himself to full stature in the stirrups and shouted to

TWO BULLDOG SHIPS

THE BROOKLYN AND THE OREGON
IN THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Captain Cook and Captain Clark Had Their Vessels In the Thick of It From Start to Finish—Their Stories Before the Schley Court.

[Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.]



ISTORY will be the better in many ways for the Schley court of inquiry. If battles must be fought and honor awarded for victory, the people who pay the cost wish at least the satisfaction of knowing just where the honors belong. It has been shown to the court by a slow piling up of evidence that not the fleet, not the flying squadron as a whole, but a battleship and a cruiser alone, made certain the destruction of Cervera. At the critical time "Fighting Bob" Evans and Jack Philip were not where they could do the most good. No censure can be given for this unfortunate situation, but the truth is clear that the Brooklyn and the Oregon compelled the Spanish ships, one after another, to run upon the beach and strike their flags.

Cervera's vessels were cruisers, all faster than the American battleships. The Brooklyn alone was able at first to keep within range of the Spaniards, and but for her bulldog tenacity, her growing speed and her biting fire the flying Oquendo, Vizcaya and Colon would have got into open sea and scattered so that it would have been impossible for the slow battleships to head them off. At the most, with good fortune on their side, the Brooklyn and Oregon could have run down but one Spaniard each in open sea. The rest would have got away. It was due to the Brooklyn that the initial movement of Cervera seaward was headed off. The foremost Spaniards laid their course across that of the American cruiser, and even if they did not intend to ram her they did intend to batter her with the best they had in their guns and to get past her into the open sea. Captain Cook's incessant and accurate fire of five inch shells warned the Spaniards that even if they got to sea it would be with their hulls full of holes, and that would mean the death of every man and officer on board.

The Spaniards ran their ships on the beach solely to save their lives. It was arranged before Cervera started out of Santiago harbor that morning that his fleet would cut through the American line and get to sea if possible. Failing in that, they would fight just so long as they had a fighting chance and then make for shore. The Brooklyn and Oregon headed off the seaward movement and sent the Spaniards ashore, reduced to helpless wrecks.

The testimony by which history is thus set right is not solely that of the officers of the Brooklyn and Oregon. What they had to say about the fighting of this or that ship, including their own, had to be dragged out of them by searching questions in which not only the counsel for both sides, but the court itself, took part. The result was a complete and unbiased history of the remarkable naval battle of July 3, 1898, spread upon the minutes of the court.

One of the impartial witnesses was the officer of the little scoutship Vixen, which was right on the spot, but too small to amount to anything against Spanish cruisers. The officers could not do better than to keep track of the fight. All through the Vixen kept up with the Oregon and the Brooklyn, and her executive officer declared that when the first Spaniard, the Maria Teresa, was sent ashore the Brooklyn and the Oregon were the only ships in sight. This was only the beginning of the end. The log of the Indiana shows that in the chase after the remaining Spaniards that ship was left behind, and the navigator of the Iowa, "Fighting Bob's" ship, testified that she made only nine or ten knots that day, whereas eighteen knots were necessary to bring her into the fight and keep her there.

With respect to the work of the Brooklyn and the Oregon, the testimony of the officers of the respective ships is impartial as bearing upon each other. Captain Clark of the Oregon told the story of the crisis of the fight when Cervera got sea room and started to run away. Says he: "The Spaniards turned to the westward, breaking through our line or crossing it, and our ships swung off to the westward in pursuit. Both sides opened fire promptly and fired rapidly. Dense smoke obscured the vessels, making it difficult to distinguish them. The Oregon ran between the Iowa and the Texas and the next ships to the westward in our line. Soon afterward we discovered four Spanish ships ahead apparently uninjured at the time. They had gained so much ground that I believed they had been successful in attempting to escape, but it was soon evident that we were gaining, at least on one of them, which afterward proved to be the Maria Teresa, the flagship, and I thought we should bring her to close action, but might be exposed to the concentrated fire of all the ships.

"Just then the smoke lifted or broke away to the left, and I discovered the Brooklyn. She was well forward on our port beam and broadside to the enemy's fleet. Her course was perhaps a little divergent to ours because the Oregon was attempting to draw upon the Teresa. But the Brooklyn and Oregon maintained this relative position, bow and quarter, approxi-

mately to the end of the battle, the Brooklyn steaming straight ahead, as nearly as I could judge, and engaging any and all the Spanish ships, the Oregon endeavoring to come to close action with the sternmost one, and when she was driven out of action and pointed on the beach, then pushed on for the next ahead and so on till the entire fleet was driven ashore, burning or sinking."

When questioned as to details, Captain Clark said that when the smoke lifted and disclosed to his view the Brooklyn on her westward course she was engaged with all four of the Spaniards. Said he: "It made a deep impression upon me to find her there, and I felt that we should mutually sustain each other. I felt that a battleship was needed and that we should be there together."

Speaking of the movements of the Iowa, Captain Clark said: "At first she seemed to be steaming faster than we, and I thought she was gaining ground and would get ahead of us. Later I saw her again so near I was fearful the two ships would collide. Consequently I gave the order, 'Hard to starboard,' and cleared her. I never saw the Iowa again during the action." With regard to firing the thirteen inch shells, those "railroad trains" which did so much to scare, if not to injure, the Colon especially. Captain Clark says that he did this on his own responsibility, without regard to the signal from the Brooklyn. "Well done, Oregon!" is a verdict every one acquainted with Captain Clark's story of her part in the fight will respond to heartily.

Captain Cook's story of the fighting of the Brooklyn is equally plain and convincing as that of Captain Clark. "When I first saw the fleet [Cervera's]," said he, "they were heading southwest and seemed to be coming straight for the interval between the Brooklyn and Texas. I went into the conning tower and directed the helmsman. I told him what I intended to do was to keep straight for the fleet [the Spaniards]. They wavered a little. Sometimes they turned one way and then another. We shifted helm once or twice, but very little indeed, and finally when we were getting up fairly close, say between 1,500 and 2,000 yards, it seemed to me clear that they wanted to pass between the Texas and the Brooklyn. The Texas was well on our starboard helm, and she was headed to the northward and westward. We were well to the westward and headed to the northeast. The Spanish fleet was coming straight for us. We made a complete turn, very quick turn, until we came around and paral-

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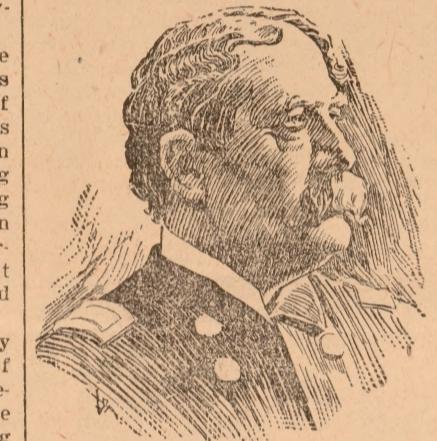
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This is the simple picture, free from dramatic flourish, of the bulldog ships Brooklyn and Oregon, cut off from their slow creeping consorts and alone battling with the Spaniards, who had broken out of the harbor in spite of Sampson's precautions and were running away, firing as they ran. The Brooklyn received over three-fourths of the Spanish hits and scored over 60 per cent of the hits made by American guns upon the Spaniards.

Whenever a Spaniard went ashore the Brooklyn and Oregon turned the guns thus let free upon the next in line. When fighting was the order of the day, they fought, and when chasing and firing at long range was the proper thing, they chased and fired. Other ships might and did look after the prizes and saved the wounded victims, but the motto of Clark and Cook was, "Let no Spaniard escape!" They lived up to the motto, and the American public now knows, what was at best mere guesswork before, just how and by whom the hard fighting was done in the battle of Santiago harbor.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Funeral Humor.
A Berlin florist received some days ago an order for a floral device, ornamented with a silk ribbon, upon each side of which the following inscription was directed to be placed: "Rest In Peace." To the astonishment of those concerned, when the flowers and ribbon arrived the latter was inscribed, "Rest In Peace on Both Sides."—Paris Gaulois.



CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK.
[Commander of the battleship Oregon at Santiago.]

led the fleet on the other side. Then we had the Vizcaya on our starboard bow, and about abeam was the Oquendo and then the Colon. At that time I thought it was the Vizcaya, but I soon discovered this vessel was dropping out and heading for the beach. That was about the hottest time of the action. It was a critical time.

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THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Lectures on the Subject of Dreams.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]
"De odder eavenin'," began Brother Gardner as he rose up after the close of the regular proceedings of the Limekiln club—"de odder eavenin' Samuel Shin came ober to my cabin an' woke me up out of a sound sleep to tell me dat a great calamity was at hand an' to ask fur my advice. He had fallen asleep in his cheer by de stov'e an' had dreamed dat he saw a black cat chasin' a white rat up an' elm tree. He had dreamed dat same dream three times befo' in his life, an' a calamity allus followed. I had skassly throwed him ober de fence when Waydown Bebee arrove. He had also been dreamin'.

He had dreamed of seein' a black man on a white hoss in chase of a yaller cow, an' he was suah dat his wife was gwine to drop dead or his cabin burn up. Next day I made some inquiries an' diskivered dat about half de members of dis club carry dream books around wid 'em an' believe in 'em as day do in de Bibles.

"I jess want to remark a few remarks on dis matter of dreams. Dar was a time in my life when I didn't know de fore kick from de hind kick of a mewl, an' when I walked up an' down de road lookin' fur hundred dollar bills. In dose days I was a fool, an' bein' a fool I believed in dreams. If I dreamed dat I saw yaller cats sittin' on de roof of a yaller barn I believed dat somebody was gwine to die an' leave me fo' hundred dollars.

"If I dreamed dat I saw a white hoss gallopin' across a green meadow in chase of a brindled dog I believed dat I should find a diamond pin in de back yard.

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